

A Mournful Ditty of the Lady Rosamond, King Henry the second's

Concubine, who was poysoned to death by Queen Elenor in VVoodstock Bower near Oxford.

To the tune of,

Flying Fame,



Whenas King Henry rul'd this land,
the second of that name,
Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd
a fair and Princely Dame:
Most peerless was her beauty found,
her labour and her face.
A sweter creature in the world
did never Prince imbrace.

Her crissed locks like threads of gold
appear'd to each mans sight,
Her comely eyes like Orient Pearls
did cast a heavenly light.
The blood within her Chrystal cheek
did such a colour drive,
As if the Lilly and the Rose
for Master-slip did strive,

Oua Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elenor our Queen
was known a mortal foe:
The King therefore for her desence
against the surions Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower
the like was never seen.

Most curiously this Bower was built
of stone and timber strong,
A hundred and fifty dores
did to this Bower belong,
And they so curiously contriv'd
with turnings round about,
that none but with a clew of thred
could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Ladies sake
that was so fair and bright,
The keeping of that Bower he gave
unto a gallant Knight.

But Fortune that doth often frown,
where she before did smile,
The Kings rebat, the Ladies joy
full soon she did begisile.

For why? the Kings ungracious son
whom he of high aduanes
Agatust his father raised wars
within the Realm of France:
But yet before our emp'ry King
the English land forsook,
O! Rosamond his Lady faire,
his last faucler he took,

O Rosamond the onely Rose,
that pleasest best mine eye,
The fairest Rose in all the world
to feed my fantasie.
The flower of my affected hear,
whose sweetnes doth excell.
My Royal Rose a thousand times
I bid thee now farewel.

For I must leave my famous Flower,
my sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the seas to famous France
proud Rebels to abase,
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see,
And in my heart while hence I am
Ile bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond the Lady faire
did hear the King say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart,
her outward looks did shew
And from her clear and Chrystal eyes
the tears gush't out a paes,
Which like the Silver Pearles dew
ran down her comely face.

Her lips like to the Coral red
did wax both wan a pale,
And soz the sorre w she concub'e
her vital spirits did fail,
And falling down all in swoond
before King Henrys face,
Full oft within his princely arms
her body did embrace.

And twenty times with wary eyes
he kiss her tender cheek
Until he had reviv'd again,
her sensess mild and meek.
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose
the King did often say,
Because quoth she to bloody wars
my Lord must part away.

But sth your graces in Foreign Coasts
among your Foes undid,
Moll go to hazard it's no limb,
why should I stay behinde,
Pay rather let me like a Page,
your Sword and Target bear,
That on my brest the blow may light
that should offend you there.

O let me in your Royal tent
prepare poor bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your grace
at your return from fight,
So I your presence may infy,
no toy! I will resile,
But wanting you my life is death
which doth true Love abuse.

Content thy self my dearest Love
thy rest at home shall be
In Englands sweet and pleasant soyle
for travell fits not thee,
Fair Ladys mock no bloody wars
sweet peace their pleasure haue
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancy art did haue.

My Rose shall rest in Weddstock-bower
with musicks sweet delight,
While I among the fiering Pikes
against my Foes do fight.

My Rose in Robes of Pearl and Gold
with Diamonds richly light
Shall dance the Galliard of my Love
while I my foes do smite.

And you Sir Thomas whom I trust
to be my Loves desence
Be caroul of my Roral Rose
when I am parted hence,
And there wil hal he setch a ligh
as though his heart woud break
And Rosamond for very glos
not one plain word coul speak,

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And there wil hal he setch a ligh
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And Rosamond for very glos
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The second Part, to the same tune,



And at the parting well they might,
In heart be grieved soze,
After that day fair Rosamond
the King did see no more.
For when his Grace had past the seas
and into France was gone,
Queen Elenor with ev'ryng heart
to Woodstock came anon.

And forth we cal'd this rusty Knight,
who keep this cartous Bower,
Who with his clew of twined thred
came from that famous flowers,
And when that they had wounded him
the Queen this thred did get.
And went where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with steadfast eyes
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace.
Cast of off thy Robes from thee she said
that rich and costly be,
And drink thou up this deadly draught
which I have brought for thee,

But presently upon her knee
fair Rosamond did fall
And parson of the Queen she crav'd
for her essences all.
Take ryp on my yout hysal years,
fair Rosamond did cry.
And let me not with poison strong
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a Cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht if you please
to range the world to wife.
And say that fault wch I ha'e done,
though I was soz'd thereto.
Preserve my life and punish me
as you think good to do.

And with these wordes her Lilly hand
she wrong full often there
And down along her comely cheeks
proceeded many a tear
But nothing could this worsn Queen
therewith appeased be
The cup of deadly poison fill'd
as the late on her knee.

She gave that comely Dame to drinke
who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose
and on her feet did stand.
And casting up her eyes to heauen
she did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poison strong
her life she lost withall.

And when that death through every limb
had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefeſt foes did plain confess
she was a g'orious wight.
Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fl̄ away,
At VWoodstock near to Oxford towne
as may be seen this day.